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THE
TRINITY.
A
P O E M.

By the Rev. MATTHEW TOMLINSON, A. M. K
Vicar of *Blyth* and *Harworth* in the County of *Nottingham*,
and Chaplain to the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of HYNDFORD.

The SECOND EDITION, corrected and very much enlarged.

----- *Juvat alte linquere Terras,
Et fortunatas Superum percurrere Sedes.*
HIERON VID.

Libere, Sed Modeste.

L O N D O N.

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's-head* in *Pall-mall*;
and sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1750.

[Price One Shilling.]

TRINITY.

P O E M.

By the Hon. Matthew Montagu, M. P.
Member of the House of Commons, and Secretary of the Admiralty.

LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

1755.

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and sold by M. COOPER, in St. James's Street.



[Price One Shilling.]



TO THE

Hon^{ble} Mrs. *MONCKTON*,

AS a sincere mark of the esteem I have for her many excellent and exemplary *VIRTUES*, and in acknowledgment of the great *OBLIGATIONS* I have received from her, the present edition of the following Poem is with real gratitude and respect inscrib'd by her most obedient

Humble Servant,

MATTHEW TOMLINSON.

1851

~~MISS MARY ANN TOMLINSON~~

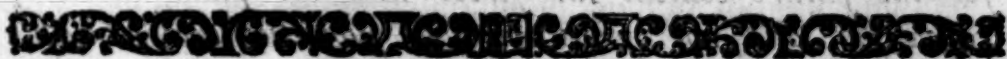
TO FORT HENRY

HONORABLE MRS. W. C. K. T. O. M.

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To the READER.

THE greatest part of the following POEM was written when the AUTHOR was a scholar of Trinity College in Cambridge, and was presented to the master and fellows of that society, as a college exercise, on Trinity Sunday 1726, and had the honour to be well receiv'd; and some gentlemen, whose judgment he has always highly esteem'd, even then desir'd that it might be published.

But tho' he could not but be pleas'd with so great a compliment, he excus'd himself upon account of some inaccuracies, which he thought he could easily correct; and he likewise saw that several things might be added, which would give the whole a more poetical turn, and make it more acceptable, as well as instructive, to the generality of his readers.

He thinks it proper, once for all, to observe, how much he is indebted to our great poet; some of the best lines in this performance being only faint imitations of the incomparable MILTON.

It will easily be seen, that he has carefully avoided embarrassing himself in the Trinitarian controversy; and he heartily wishes, that the gentlemen on both sides of the question would
for

for the future content themselves with the plain words of revelation, and not by metaphysical subtleties and scholastic niceties perplex both themselves and others; and above all let them take care, lest whilst contending about the unity of the divine nature, they destroy that unity of spirit which is the distinguishing characteristic of a disciple of CHRIST.

As for the AUTHOR, he sincerely professes, if he thought he had advanced any thing that opposed any one text of scripture, or was contrary to the soundest philosophy, the religion of nature, it should never have seen the light. In short, he hopes, that however he succeeds as a POET, he shall ever support the character of a good man, an honest divine, and sincere christian.





THE TRINITY.

BEYOND the vast circumf'rence of the sky,
And far remov'd from ken of mortal eye;
Beyond the heav'n of heav'ns in awful state,
Omnipotence in bright effulgence late,
5 Ten thousand thousand angels round him wait.
Blest seraphim! to whom th' eternal mind
Great beyond words, beyond conception kind,
Propitious, this high privilege assign'd,
Within his courts, o rapt'rous sight! to gaze
10 On his bright majesty's unbounded blaze;

In grateful hymns, and pure celestial strains,
Attune their voice, and charm th' ætherial plains.

Before his throne submissively they bow,

Their golden crowns with solemn pomp they throw

15 Down at his feet; on heaven's bright pavement spread

The flow'ry chaplets, that adorn'd their head.

Th' immortal wreaths, blest prize of worthy deed!

Those glorious wreaths, which bounteous heav'n decreed

Shou'd grace their heads, who valiantly repell'd

20 The tempter's wiles, nor against heav'n rebell'd;

Too just in a base cause, to draw their sword,

Too grateful to renounce, and war against their lord.

Again their crowns resume, again they bind

Their locks resplendent, with bright beams entwin'd.

25 Their purple garments o'er their shoulders throw,

Graceful again before his throne they bow.

With cheerful speed their golden harps they string,

The spheres and all the constellations rung;

The list'ning planets joy'd to hear the sound;

30 Myriads of iō's from each star rebound.

Thee,

- Thee, Father, first omnipotent they sing
 Immortal, infinite, eternal King ;
 Sole author of all being, source of light,
 They sing thee clad in thy creating might ;
 35 In notes seraphic they thy praise proclaim ;
 And in thy six Days work extoll thy fame.
 Tell how almighty vigor was display'd ;
 And the foundation of the world was laid.
 Vain atheist, round cast thine enquiring eyes ;
 40 View the large distant spaces of the skies :
 See how yon glorious sun, vast globe of light,
 Lord of the firmament profusely bright,
 Thro' heav'n's wide concave darts his radiant way,
 And gladdens mortals with the blaze of day !
 45 Nor wonder we, if by his beauty charm'd,
 Chear'd by his beams, by his kind influence warm'd ;
 That lucid fount, whence such rich blessings flow,
 To which the springs of health and life we owe,
 E're revelation clear'd the mental sight,
 50 And brought the hidden things of heav'n to light,

Was by learn'd ethnics as a God receiv'd,
And the great ruler of the world believ'd.

See millions more, that with diminish'd light
And twinkling beam, scarce strike the distant sight ;
55 Worlds far remote with sacred radiance fill,
Resistless proofs of an almighty skill.

If studious still fresh wonders to descry,
Let artful tubes thy weaker sight supply,
And aided by fam'd Bacon's magic eye,

Verse 51. ----- as a God receiv'd] The ingenious author of the *Alkibla*, or disquisition of worshipping towards the east, observes, that mankind is naturally prone to superstition and idolatry, so as to worship and serve the creature even more than the creator ; and by several quotations from writers of unquestionable authority makes it appear, that the worship of the sun was the great and most early idolatry of the eastern countries ; and he observes, that holy Job mentions the very sight of it as a temptation, Job chap. xxxi. ver. 26, 27. And Moses as a compulsion to adore it, Deut. chap. iv. ver. 19. And monsieur Jurieu scruples not to affirm, " De toutes les erreurs il n'y en a pas une qui soit plus supportable que celle de ceux qui ont pris le soleil pour un dieu ; car cet astre est si beau, si plein des traits de la divinite, qu'on a bien pu facilement prendre la copie pour l'original". *Hist. critiq.* p. 406. edit. Amst. 1704. *Alkibl.* p. 8.

Verse 53. See millions more, &c.] It is now the general receiv'd opinion of philosophers, that the fixt stars are so many suns, and are encompassed with their respective planets or worlds. Vid. *Derham's Astro-Theol.* B. ii. ch. 2.

Verse 59. ----- Bacon's magic eye] Roger Bacon was an English Franciscan friar in the 13th century, and sometime fellow of Merton-College in the university of Oxford, a man of such great knowledge in all the branches of natural philosophy, that he justly deserved the title of doctor *Mirabilis*. He made a great many discoveries ; and I think Mr. Hearne in his *Ductor Histor.* pag. 385, 386, has sufficiently proved, that we are indebted to him for the invention of the telescope, and the Gregorian period. ----- His contemporaries in that dark age, not able to comprehend how it was possible for him to arrive at the knowledge of such sublime truths by the mere force of genius, looked upon him as a magician, and as such he was ordered to be imprisoned by the then reigning pope.

- 60 See how those orbs, those well pois'd planets roll,
 With swift career athwart the starry pole;
 Collect, and to their residents convey
 The chearful bounty of the solar ray.
 And whilst with duplicated course they steer,
- 65 Limit the day, and circumscribe the year;
 Mete out the hours, and give the seasons birth;
 With borrow'd beam gild the benighted earth.
 'Tis not by chance; these motions speak aloud,
 The wise, th' unerring conduct of a God.
- 70 If sceptic still, let thy sagacious brain,
 Exclusive of a God, the cause explain,
 Why horrid claps of thunder rend the air,
 And the wing'd light'ning shoots a dismal glare.
 Say why dire comets with eccentric force
- 75 Thro' yielding skies direct their wand'ring course,
 Dilate the fire horrors of their train,
 And with grand portents fill the gazer's brain?
 Say why the clouds replete with proper feed,
 Fierce winds, rough storms, and noxious ferments breed,

80 With pestilential steams the earth annoy,
 And quickly wou'd the sick'ning world destroy,
 Did not kind heav'n with providential care,
 Relieve the globe, and purify the air,
 And nature's ruins bounteously repair ?

85 Say why th' æreal fountain mildly pours
 Its genial moisture and its quick'ning show'rs, [stores.
 And decks the spangled mead with all its beauteous

View next the spacious regions of the earth,
 Then call thy boasted wit and reason forth ;

90 Say why this orb in all the boundless space,
 Chose the most proper, most convenient place,
 For the wise ends which nature's law requires,
 Beauty and order dictate, use desires.

Then Epicurus, I conjure thee say,

95 'Since matter mov'd, ne'er resting flies away,
 How here thy senseless atoms knew to stay.

Mark well its curious structure, then declare
 What traces of consummate art appear,

What

What nice! perfection in each part we spy,
100 The hard, the soft, the humid, and the dry,
The low-extended vale, and mountain high.

With what variety of charms array'd!
With what rare magazines of wealth inlaid!
A work so perfect, and so well design'd,
105 Must needs require a wise directing mind.

Of ev'ry diff'rent soil the product view,
Nor's less observance to its natives due,
Each herb, each weed, each insect, ev'ry clod,
Bespeaks it's author, and proclaims a God.

110 View next the wonders of the boundless main;
The scaly monsters and the finny train;
And all those treasures which its waves contain.
Then, mighty sage, explain the sov'reign cause,
Why thus the sea resistless ebbs and flows;

115 What pow'r it is that bids it thus far go,
And then commands it its proud waves withdraw.
Surely some God must o'er the moon preside,
Some pow'r almighty must its motions guide,

Which

Which to the ocean gives such stated laws,
120 The moon's the instrument, but God's the cause,
View thine own fabric next, that wondrous frame,
That beauteous something which I scarce can name !
In which such order, such distinction reigns,
Such charming harmony in each part remains ;
125 They all oppose thy doctrine and assert
Th' amazing wonders of creating art.

If then thou would'st this useful truth discern,
And from the creature the CREATOR learn ;
Attentive on thyself employ thy thought,
130 And let thine erring mind be by thy body taught.
In full perfection thou'lt thy God survey ;
The source is known, those errors fled away,
That stamp'd divinity upon thy clay.

O ! cou'd the soul, from each mean passion free,
135 In apt arrangement its own beauties see ;
Itself thro' all its labyrinths pursue,
And all its different operations view ;

Some how I might find its motions guide No
Which

No more a slave to Epicurus' school,
 'Twou'd brand the atheist with the name of fool;
 140 Condemn his doctrines, his mean tenets hate;
 Demonstrate chance cou'd ne'er a mind create.
 Or cou'd it, caught in sacred raptures, fly
 Beyond the spacious regions of the sky,
 There, with St. Paul, the heav'n of heav'ns survey,
 145 The starry pavement, and the milky-way;
 The radiant scepter, and the jasper throne,
 Th' unfading glories of the great TO ON:
 Here fir'd with holy wonder and surprize
 For e'er 'twou'd wish to fix its ravish'd eyes;
 150 For ever on th' almighty theme to dwell,
 And in loud anthems his just praises tell;
 Here ever, ever, fix its blest abode,
 And see in beatific vision God..

Verse 144. There, with St. Paul, the heav'n of heav'ns survey.] See the 2d.
 epist. to the Corinthians, Chap. xii. ver. 2, 3, 4.

Verse 147. ----- TO ON] Plato, who next to his master Socrates had
 the clearest conceptions concerning the unity of the divine nature, of any of the
 philosophers, frequently styles God the To Or, the being that is: and 'tis obser-
 vable, that whenever he speaks of the Deity, it is always in the singular number.

By

By the gay fallies of wild youth misled,
 155 And in the school of Epicurus bred,
 Rome's boasted orator heav'n's pow'r defy'd
 And a wife ruler of the world deny'd:
 But when philosophy, celestial maid!
 To his enlighten'd eyes her charms display'd,
 160 Gladly he entertain'd the beauteous guest,
 Truth's chieftain, now, did zealously attest
 A power supreme; what he before maintain'd
 Oppos'd; and first in reason's court he reign'd.
 Wondrous great man! whose writings shall endure,
 165 'Till time shall end, of deathless fame secure.
 Ev'n Clarke himself, that great, that injur'd name,
 (Albion, thy lasting glory, and thy shame).

Verse 155. And in the school of Epicurus bred.] Tully, as some writers of his life tell us, was at the first an Epicurean, being educated under two famous masters of that sect, Phædrus and Zeno; but he afterwards quitted that philosophy for one more rational.

Verse 166. Ev'n Clark himself, that great, that injur'd name,
 Albion, thy lasting glory, &c.] Doctor Samuel Clarke was one of the greatest men this nation ever produced. It would be needless to explain the meaning of these and the following verses, since there is hardly any one, who is the least acquainted with the history of the present century, who will not readily understand them. The present excellent bishop of Winchester, in his preface to Dr. Clarke's ten volumes of sermons, has given so just and amiable a character of this great and good man, that it cannot be too much recommended, or too often read.

- Illustrious Clarke ! the Varro of our age ;
 Tho' sacred truths adorn each learned page ;
 170 Tho' Lock's strong sense and Newton's piercing wit,
 In him united in full lustre meet.
 Aided by thee, his works still brighter shine,
 Thou Rome's great genius, he the world's divine.
 Hail great Creator ! pow'r supreme ador'd !
 175 At whose dread fiat, whose almighty word,
 This wond'rous frame of things from nothing rose ;
 Thy self eternal, and without a cause.
 How beauteous are thy works, how good, how fair,
 The least, the meanest of thy creatures are !
 180 How beauteous then art thou ! to whom they owe
 Their beauties, the rich source from whence they flow ;
 Tho' deck'd in robes of pure ætherial Light
 Thy essence, too superlatively bright,
 Dazzles our eyes, and dims created sight.

C

In

Verse 170. Newton's piercing wit.] By wit is meant the faculties of the rational soul ; in which sense it is often us'd by the best writers.

Verse 172. Aided by thee, his works still brighter shine.] Dr. Clarke in the second part of his Boyle's lectures has made great use of Tully's philosophical writings.

- 185 In these thy works thy rich perfections shine,
 Thy boundless goodness, and thy pow'r divine.
 Thee, sacred Logos, next the seraphs sing,
 Eternal son of the eternal king ;
 They tell how thou in august pomp array'd,
 190 Didst Satan and his rebel pow'rs invade ;
 Tell how around thy winged lightning flew ;
 Tell what amazement seiz'd th' infernal crew ;
 How thunder-struck the proud arch-devil fell
 Condemn'd to lasting punishments in hell.
- 195 Whilst thou triumphant o'er the æther rode,
 And heav'n's strong basis shook beneath the load,
 Cherub and seraph cry'd, a GOD, a GOD !
 Proud Satan, by thy vengeful arm dethron'd,
 Captive in chains, thy power superior own'd.
- 200 Hence the loud bruit of earth-born Titans rose
 Who impious durst the king of heav'n oppose,
 Heap mount on mount, and to the gods be foes.
 Great Jove, indignant, bad his thunder roll,
 And the red lightning shot from pole to pole.
 Amaz'd,

205 Amaz'd, confus'd, with more than mortal fright,
 Hideous they shrunk to the dark realms of night.
 There doom'd to lakes of fire, and penal chains,
 They rail against the gods, and curse their endless pains.
 Vain's the attempt, presumptuous the design,
 210 Tho' great Jessides' soul shou'd breath in mine,
 Yet cou'd not I describe the numerous train
 Of seraphs, which then grac'd th' ætherial plain.
 Tell how aloof display'd their banners fly,
 And add new lustre to the glittering sky.
 215 On winged winds Messiah rode along,
 Whilst round their conqu'ring God the seraphs throng,
 Dispos'd in glorious ranks their prince receive,
 Proclaim his kingdom, and due homage give;
 With loud acclaim the clanging trumpets sound,
 220 And echoing shouts from heav'n's high arch rebound.
 And now arriv'd, on his great Father's throne
 He sate, and in majestic glory shone,
 Image express of the eternal mind,
 In council, dignity, dominion join'd.

- 225 Thy mercy infinite they next relate,
 Thy boundless pity to man's abject state;
 Tell how thou deign'ft his nature to assume,
 And on thy spotless self transfer the doom,
 Reserv'd for him: for him resign'ft thy breath,
 230 For him thou gloriest in the pangs of death;
 Emptying thyself of thy celestial state,
 Where min'ftring angels thy behests did wait;
 Tho' next in splendor to the pow'r supreme
 Fountain of bliss, whence all perfections stream.
 235 Hail, SON of GOD ! saviour of men ! thy praise
 Shall claim the copious matter of my lays;
 Thee never, never, shall this harp of mine
 Forget, nor from thy father's praise disjoin,
 Thy boundless mercy always I'll adore,
 240 And ever in loud songs extoll thy pow'r.
 Delightful task ! how glorious 'tis to sing
 Thee, blest Messiah, prophet, priest, and king,
 Author of bliss, great source of endless joy;
 Our grateful theme on earth, in heav'n our best employ.

With

245 With equal ardour, nor less tuneful lays,
 Thee, sacred Paraclete ! the seraphs praise.
 Tell how from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
 Fierce rushing winds with rapid fury fly,
 Whilst thou thy fav'rite servants deign'st t' attend
 250 And in emblazon'd robes of fire descend.
 Thy pow'rful presence shook the trembling dome,
 An awful murmur fill'd th' assembled room.
 Bright cloven tongues, incumbent on the air,
 Reveal thy mission, and thy pow'r declare ;
 255 Christ's chosen heralds thy blest impulse feel,
 Of their exalted trust the promis'd seal.
 And as man's haughty folly to chastise,
 Justice-incens'd did various tongues devise :
 From various tongues, blest change ! we gentiles date
 260 The radiant dawning of the gospel state.
 They

Verse 259. From various tongues, blest change !] The learned Mr. Pyle in his notes upon Acts chap. ii. ver. 4. observes, that as the division and variety of languages was once made a punishment, and wrought confusion amongst mankind ; now, by a wise turn of events, the same variety was made a means of collecting and uniting them into one religion and society.

- They tell, from thee what numerous blessings flow,
 Man's great support and comfort here below.
 Conceived by thee, the lord of heav'n and earth,
 From a pure spotless virgin took his birth.
 265 Nigh Jordan's stream with mystic wings out-spread,
 Dove-like thou hover'st o'er Messiah's head,
 Whilst thus a voice descends from heav'n's high throne;
 " This is my Son—my best lov'd—my Son
 " In whom my soul delights : his laws obey,"
 270 And a glad homage to your sov'reign pay.
 When in paternal majesty array'd,
 By the almighty Word all things were made,
 The work adorn'd with all thy graces shone,
 And heav'n and earth thy vital influence own.
 275 Inspir'd by thee, of old the prophets taught,
 The chosen seed, and mighty wonders wrought.
 Th' apostles with thy holiest gifts endow'd,
 The certain path of man's salvation show'd;
 By signs and miracles their mission seal'd,
 280 Hid things of past, and future times, reveal'd;

The

The heathen world to pure religion charm'd,
 And sin and Satan of their pow'r disarm'd.
 Lowly and meek did in the church preside,
 Nor strove to rule, their office was to guide,
 285 For worth like this, thee, Herring, we revere,
 The able preacher and the guide sincere.
 Such virtues, Hoadly, grace thy gen'rous mind,
 Thou friend to truth, religion, and mankind.
 When, Hobbs, thy tenets tainted Britain's court,
 290 And pure religion was the statesman's sport ;
 When ev'ry rank the dire infection stain'd,
 And vice uncensur'd told an atheist reign'd,
 Such Wilkins in unfullied lustre shone,
 Adorn'd the mitre, and reproach'd the throne ;

Unhappy

Ver. 287. Such virtues, Hoadly] Mr. Whiston, for whose extensive learning, and inflexible integrity, I have the greatest esteem, in the memoirs of his own life, has treated this great and good man in so free a manner, that I once thought and had really furnish'd myself with materials for that purpose; to have return'd a full answer to so severe a charge; but as it would swell this note to too great a length, I shall only observe, that when we consider his ardent zeal for the cause of truth, his many rational defences of our civil and religious rights, the brave struggle which he made for liberty at a time when it was in such imminent danger, and the constant tenor of his life, which, as I am very well inform'd, is a continued series of great and generous actions, this will not only render the charge against him extremely improbable, but would, even if it could not be answer'd in every particular, (as I am satisfied it may) incline us to allow the character here given, to be far short of his merit.

295 Unhappy isle ! in those degenerate times,
 Thy sons how harden'd and how foul their crimes ;
 When such a teacher cou'd no converts gain,
 Wisely the prelate charm'd, but charm'd in vain !

Here gladly I recall the wand'ring lay,
 300 The infant annals of the church survey,
 When no foul errors did her faith obscure,
 Spotless her manners, and her doctrines pure,
 When her blest sons their master's steps pursu'd,
 Their chief, their sole ambition to do good.

305 How blest those times, had they their bliss perceiv'd,
 And what their heav'n-sent teachers taught believ'd.
 Many, 'tis true, a wise attention lend,
 And well weigh'd reason in firm faith does end.
 But deaf to reason, and her sacred lore,

310 Some by wild zeal misled, by int'rest more ;
 Their faith to stagger, various arts employ,
 In vain those arts, they can't their faith destroy,
 Undaunted all temptation they defy,
 Safe on thy aid, blest Spirit, they rely ;

315 For him, who bled for them, triumphant die.

No

No churchman then at sovereign greatness aim'd,
 Nor Laudean zeal pure gospel truths defam'd.
 No kirk consistory did then give law,
 Nor Rome's proud priest the christian world o'erawe.
 320 Religion ne'er on persecution grew ;
 Force may the body, not the soul subdue.

D III

Verse 317. Nor Laudean zeal - -] Laud, archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of king Charles I. was a learned man, but very indiscreet. His character is very well drawn by bishop Burnet, in the history of his own times, vol. i. p. 49. " He was, says the bishop, a learned, sincere, and zealous man, regular in life, humble in his private deportment ; but was a hot indiscreet man, eagerly pursuing some matters that were either inconsiderable or mischievous ; such as setting the communion-table by the east walls of the churches, bowing to it, and calling it the altar ; the suppressing the Walloon privileges, the breaking off lectures, the encouraging of sports on the Lord's-day, with some other things that were of no value ; and yet all the zeal and heat of that time was laid out on those." The bishop next proceeds to mention several instances of his behaviour in the star-chamber and high-commission-court, which, he says, were such blemishes, that nothing but the putting him to death, in so unjust a manner, could have raised his character ; which, as he says, it did to a degree of setting him up as a pattern, and established all his notions as standards, by which judgments are to be made of men, whether they are true to the church or not. By his diary he appears to have been an abject fawner on the duke of Buckingham, and a superstitious regarider of dreams. His defence of himself, writ with so much care, when he was in the tower, is a very mean performance.

I was desired by a very learned and worthy friend, to omit what is here said concerning archbishop Laud, in the present edition of this poem ; but tho' I shall ever pay a great regard to that gentleman's judgment, yet I am so fully convinced that I have done no injustice to the memory of that great prelate, that I hope my friend will easily excuse me for still continuing it ; and if he will be so good as to read over what a very able writer has advanced in p. 72 and 73, of his examination of the Codex Juris Eccl. Angl. he will find my censure is far from being too severe.

Ill fare those bigots, who profanely teach,
 What Wesley, Ingham, Whitfield scarce dare preach;
 To their own narrow schemes their God enslave,
 325 Direct him whom to damn, and whom to save;
 Plato, thy soul tho' freed from actual stain,
 By them is doom'd to everlasting pain;
 Because thou ne'er in sacred fount wert lav'd,
 But baptiz'd Lovat must, blest saint! be sav'd.
 330 Grant heav'n, that I may hail the happy day!
 When truth triumphant shall its beams display;
 When honesty shall suffer no restraint!
 'Tis probity, not faith, that makes the saint.
 O! whilst misguided by prophetic dreams,
 335 Extatic raptures, visionary whims;

Or

Verse 329. But baptiz'd Lovat must, blest saint! be sav'd.] It is not here intended to cast any reflection upon the sacred rite of baptism, which, the author is fully persuaded, was instituted by Christ himself, and appointed to be used in all ages of the church, as the sole means of admission into the christian covenant. All that is meant is this: that the sincere honest man, of whatever religion he is, shall most certainly be saved: and that a good and virtuous heathen shall have a better title to the favour of God, than a bare nominal christian. And this will also sufficiently apologize, for ver. 333. 'Tis probity, not faith, that makes the saint] Where as appears by the lines immediately following it, he is far from designing to depreciate faith; what he would inculcate is, that a bare belief of the credenda

of

Or mop'd by gloomy horror, or despair,
 Slaves to blind zeal or superstitious fear;
 Or in pretended sanctity array'd,
 Like some base metal, with pure gold o'erlaid;
 340 Unhallow'd devotees thy influence claim,
 And gild oppression with religion's name;
 Soft be my manners, gentle, easy, free,
 When most benevolent, then most like thee.

D 2

Thy

of religion cannot recommend to the favour of God. The devils believe and tremble. Whereas an honest sincere endeavour after truth, tho' not always attended with success, which it will rarely miss of, especially in matters of importance, will be attended with peace of mind here, and eternal happiness hereafter.

I am particularly pleas'd with the following verses of the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in his poem upon the death of Mr. Crawshaw, who turn'd papist and died at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that church.

Pardon, my mother church, if I consent,
 That angels led him, when from thee he went,
 For ev'n in error sure no danger is,
 When join'd with so much piety as his.
 Ah! mighty God, with shame I speak't and grief,
 Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!

His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

Before I conclude this note, I shall beg leave to recommend two small but very valuable Treatises, to the perusal of the candid and intelligent reader, viz. The Plea for human Reason, and the Innocence of Error; the first, writ by my very learned and ingenious friend Mr. Jackson of Leicester; the other, by that judicious and rational divine Dr. Sykes; where, he will find liberty and truth fairly defended, the rational faculties justly supported, and the inadvertent mistakes of honest and well-meaning men, modestly excused.

Thy sure effects, divine ætherial dove,
 345 Are goodness, peace, long-suffering, meekness, love;
 Christ's vice-roy, thou, over the earth shalt reign,
 'Till he, the great redeemer, come again.
 To the sincere all saving truths impart;
 The mind enlighten, sanctifie the heart.
 350 Hail great conductor of the chosen race!
 Spirit of truth, giver of ev'ry grace,
 Of poesy divine, the sov'reign spring,
 Aided by thee of heav'nly things we sing.
 O! wou'd some spark of thy celestial fire,
 355 Sublime my genius, and my breast inspire,
 On hallow'd wings th' enraptur'd muse shou'd fly,
 And speak a language worthy of the sky.
 Thee wou'd I sing, sole self-existing mind,
 Thee, blest Messiah, saviour of mankind;
 360 Thee, sacred Paraclete, the muse shou'd praise,
 And list'ning angels shou'd approve my lays.

F I N I S.

